

2034

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St. Cecilia's Day.

Perform'd on the 23d of November, 1696.

Set to Music by Mr. Nicola Matteis.

A Shift, assist! You mighty Sons of Art,  
In pleasing Notes your wondrous Skill impart;  
Let Musick in its gayest dress appear,  
To crown this day the Queen of all the Year:  
And may the celebrated Day,  
Those Honours which it takes repay,  
Thus let them grace each others Name,  
And gratefully bestow a mutual Fame.  
Let ev'ry Voice conspire to raise  
Theirs, and bright Cecilia's Praise;  
Let the glad Winds diffuse around  
The Sympathising Sound;  
Whilst from the Strings the spritely Notes start forth,  
And cloath themselves in Air from whence they first took Birth.

And thou, blest Saint, from Heav'n our Breast inspire,  
(Where thou reign'st Mistress of the Quire)  
Where you your sacred Art improve  
To sing your Maker's Pow'r and Love.  
With eager Joy indulge his Praise;  
In various Sounds his various Wonders trace.  
Some Moments from your Triumphs spare,  
A while your joyful Notes forbear,  
A while your pleasing Task forego,  
To cast a Look on us thy Sons below.  
Attend, Attend our Harmony,  
And listen to our Songs, as Angels did to thee.

What mighty Joys from Musick flow!  
Musick the greatest good we Mortals know,  
By which we taste of Heav'n below.

*Matteis.*  
In

In vain our Passions hotly move,  
It checks their Heat, and melts them into Love:  
In vain, we labour to indulge our Grief,  
The spritely Violin affords a kind Relief.

From Musick's Pow'r the World began,  
It still enslaves, the World's great Master, Man.

'Why should we then its vast Antiquity disgrace,  
'Call *Jubal* Author of our Race ?  
'A nobler Lineage we should claim :  
'From Heav'n alone the Godlike Off-spring came.

'Er'e Chaos first this beauteous frame disclos'd,  
'And Nature struggled with the Load,  
'The Particles confus'd and heavy lay.  
'Nor thro the gloomy Mass could force their feeble way.  
'But when the Voice descending from above  
'Commanded the dull Lump to move,  
'The Lump, tho almost dead,  
'Rear'd up its chearful Head ;  
'Th' armonious Voice inspir'd a new born Soul,  
Enliv'n'd by its Sound the nimble Atoms rowl.

Tho the fierce Hero calls to Arms,  
And warlike Heat his restless Mind alarms,  
The Flutes soft Voice will soon controul  
The raging Passions of his Soul :  
Lull'd to a calm and gentle Peace  
The threatening Storm will cease :  
'The pleasing Voice inspires  
'Languishing thoughts and kind desires,  
'Whilst baffled from his Breast the angry God retires.

The trembling Slave, tho pale with Fears,  
When the loud Trumpet's Voice he hears  
Feels a strange Fire his Soul invade,  
Collects his new-born Courage to his Aid.  
The warlike Notes impart  
Strength to his Limbs, and Boldness to his Heart.  
'Dauntless to fight he goes,  
'Stalks thro the Field, and swells to meet his Foes.

### Grand Chorus.

*Then let all join :- Your Souls and Voices raise !  
'Tis Harmony alone that Harmony can praise.  
May, like your Joys, your Lays be full and great,  
Our Heav'nly Art with Heav'nly Notes to treat.  
Till wond'ring Angels jealous grow,  
And find another Heav'n below.*

FINIS.